

The second part of

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull fathers
 Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,
 Their braines with care, their bones with industry:
 For this they haue ingrossed and pilld vp,
 The cankred heapes of strange atcheeu'd gold:
 For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest
 Their sonnes with arts and martiall exercises,
 When like the bee toling from euery flower,
 Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
 We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
 Are mured for our paines, this bitter taste
 Yeelds his engrossments to the ending father,
 Now where is he that will not stay so long,
 Till his friend sicknesse hands determin'd me. *Enter Warwicke,*

War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
 Washing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
 VVith such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which neuer quast but bloud,
 VVould by beholding him, haue washt his knife,
 VVith gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne?

Harry. Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,

Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*

Harry. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was father (Harry,) to that thought
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
 Dost thou so hunger for mine eimptic chaire,
 That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,
 Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,
 Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,
 Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weake a wind,
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
 Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,
 VVere thine, without offence, and at my death,
 Thou hast seald vp my expectation,

Thy

Henry the

Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst
 And thou wilt haue me die, affurd
 Thou hidst a thousand daggers in
 VVhom thou hast whetted on th
 To stab at halfe an hower of my l
 VVhat, canst thou not forbear
 Then get thee gone, and digge m
 And bid the mery bells ring to thi
 That thou art crowned, not that I
 Let all the teares that should bede
 Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie th
 Only compound me with forgot
 Giue that which gaue thee life, v
 Plucke downe my officers, break
 For now a time is come to mock
 Harry the fift is crown'd, vp vanit
 Downe royall state, all you sage
 And to the English Court assem
 From euery region, apes of idlen
 Now neighbour confines, purge
 Haue you a ruffin that will swear
 Reuel the night rob, murder, and
 The oldest finnes, the newest kin
 Be happy, he will trouble you no
 England shal double gild his treb
 England shall giue him office, ho
 For the fift Harry, from curbd li
 The muffer of restraint, and the v
 Shal flesh his tooth on euery inn
 O my poore kingdome! sicke wi
 VVhen that my care could not
 VVhat wilt thou do when riot i
 O thou wilt be a wildernesse aga
 Peopled with woolues, thy old i
Prince. O pardon me, my lie
 The moist impediments vnto m